

c *Free Masonry*

A CURIOUS
COLLECTION

Of the most

Celebrated S O N G S

In Honour of

M A S O N R Y.

As they are Sung

At all the Regular Lodges of the An-
tient and Honourable Fraternity of
Free and Accepted MASONS in Great
Britain and Principality of Wales, &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. CREAK, at the *Red Bible*
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B. CREAKE

AND

B. COLE.



THE
NEW FAIRIES:

OR, THE
Fellow-Craft's SONG.

As Sung at the Lodge in Carmarthen
South-Wales.

Science in gay attractive Fable lies,
And veil'd, the more invites the Lover's Eyes.
POPE's Miscellany.

I.

COME all ye (a) Elves that be,
Come follow, follow me,
All ye that Guards have been
Without, or serve within:
Come sing for Joy, thro' us 'tis found
That all this Lodge is sacred Ground.

(a) The five external Senses and Idea's of the Soul.

* II.

Guides too, (b) that Fairies are,
 Come five by five prepare,
 Come buy fresh Oil with Speed,
 The dying Lamps to feed;
 All trimm'd anew in glitt'ring Light,
 For welcome Garments must be white.

* III.

Come (c) Seraphs too, that be
 Bright Rulers, three by three,
 Attend on me your Queen,
 Two Hand-maids led between;
 And all around the Healths I name
 Make you the hallow'd Stones proclaim.

* IV.

While (d) Sylphs and Sylvan Loves
 Of Mountains and of Groves,
 With Gnomes and spritely Dames
 Of Fountains and of Flames,

(b) The *internal Senses*, or Faculties of the Soul, viz. Perception, Reflection, Imagination, Attention, and Invention. (c) The three *superior Graces*, or Faculties of the *Mind*, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Skill. (d) The seven *Influences*, both natural and divine, of the Heart, or *gradual Successions* and Acquirements.

[3]

*The joyful Noise with Hands and Feet
Shall eccho, and the Noise repeat. †*

V.

*All we who sing and love,
Who live in Springs above,
Descend, descend do we,
With Masons to be free;
Where (e) Springs of Wine revive each Face,
And Streams of Milk spill all the Place.*

VI.

*Where (f) Cherubs guard the Door
With flaming Sword before,
We thro' the Key-hole creep,
And there we deeply peep;
O'er all their Jewels skip and leap,
Or trip it tip-toe step by step.*

† Here might be drank the following Health, viz.

*All hail the crafty Sisters three!
The Dame that blows the Fire, and she
That weaves the fine Embroidery;
But chief of all, hail Masonry!*

(e) The Liberal Arts and Sciences of Masons.

(f) The two Keys of Scripture and Nature which belong to the Logos, or Word of Rational Judgment, whereby we distinguish Truth from Falshood, and Evidence from Darknesh, &c.

VII.

*Or as upon the Green
 We Fairies turn unseen,
 So here we make (g) a Ring,
 And dance while Masons sing :
 Around their Crowns we whirl apace,
 Nor yet one single Hair misplace.*

VIII.

*Or when from thence we jump
 All down with (h) silent Thump,
 None hear our Feet rebound
 Round, round the Table, round,
 Nor see us while we nimbly pass
 Thrice round the Rhim of ev'ry Glass.*

IX.

*Hence (i) Satyrs, hence, be gone,
 Foul Vesture ye have on ;
 No naked Nymphs here be,
 Each Five and sacred Three,
 With Virgins and with Graces join
 In sacred Songs the Feast divine.*

(g) Alluding to the *Revolutions* of our Thoughts, or *Rumination*, and &c.

(h) Alluding to the *Secrets* of our Thoughts and *Obedience* of our Wills, &c.

(i) Such *Idea's* as are *impurely* dress'd, or too open and *familiar*, &c.

X.

*Two (k) Stones of Chrystal clear
 Our squared Cloth shall bear;
 Five Loaves of Oaken Mast
 Shall be our firm Repast;
 Five Acorn Cups of Pearly Dew
 Shall serve to pledge each Health anew †.*

XI.

*If any (l) Crums withal
 Do from their Table fall,
 With greedy Mirth we eat,
 No Honey is so sweet;
 And when they drop it from the Thumb,
 We catch each Supernaculum.*

(k) Alluding to the *Foundations* whereon this sacred Ode is laid, &c.

† N. B. Here might be drank this Health, viz.

*To all true Housewives and their Bearn,
 To every Damsel that has Charms,
 But chiefly those in Masons Arms.*

(l) The Lessons, &c. given in this Lodge.

* XII.

*The (m) Tongues of Nightingals,
The (n) Eyes of Unctuous Snails,
The (o) Serpent's Brain, with Blood
Of (p) Doves, is charming Food;
But (q) Brains of Worms, and Marrow o' Mice
Are foolish, and of filthy Price.*

* XIII.

*Whilst we enchant all Ears
With (r) Musick of the Spheres,
No (s) Grass-hopper nor Fly
Serves for our Minstrelsy;
Such Locusts leave, and all such Lies
To Belzebub, the (t) Prince of Flies.*

* XIV.

*Grace said, while all a-while
In Songs the Time beguile;
Or pleasant Healths, or at
The Table sit and chat;
Then, (u) Female-like, on Tea's we feast,
As we first (w) taught it in the East.*

(m) The Oratory of Teachers. (n) The
Curiosity of Enquirers. (o) The Understanding
of the Crafty. (p) The Spirit of the Innocent.
(q) The Blind and Covetous. (r) The Harmony
of the several Degrees of Life, Soul, and Mind, &c.
(s) No Busy-Bodies nor Ramblers, &c. (t) The Au-
thor of Maggots, Chimera's, &c. (u) The Learn-
ing of Lectures, and Explanation of Secrets, &c.
(w) Alluding to the natural Light of the Chinese;
Of

Of (x) Grass the tender (y) Tops
 Infus'd in (z) Dewy Drops,
 With (a) Chrystal Bags of Bees
 Make us delicious Tea's;
 So sweet, and fragrant of the (b) Flow'r,
 None taste the Bitter nor the Sow'r.

XVI.

Mean while, the (c) House new swept,
 And from Uncleanneſs kept;
 If all Things shine with Grace,
 And nothing's out of Place,
 Then do we praise the (d) Household Maid,
 And (e) four-fold ſurely ſhe's repaid.

(x) or rather the first Reſtorer of Maſonry, who fed on the Tops of wild Herbs and wild Honey, &c.
 (y) The newer Terms of Art and Science deriv'd from Nature, &c. (z) The older Terms of Scripture, &c.
 (a) The ſweet Collections and Digestions of us the Labourers in Maſonry, &c. (b) Beautiful Moral of it, ſuch that either its Religion or Law diſpleaſes none.
 (c) Alluding that the whole OEconomy being reform'd and puriſed, ought to be kept in Decency and Order.
 (d) The Memory, &c. (e) For every Idea points out four ſeveral Ways, viz. To Things Celeſtial and Angelical, Terreſtial and Human, &c.

But

XVIII.

*But if the House be foul,
 With (f) Hammer, Axe, or Tool;
 If Wardens fall asleep,
 Or Fellows drink too deep,
 If (g) Smoke perchance or (h) Flames arise,
 Or if the Lodge (i) untiled lies,*

XVIII.

*Then in the (k) Dead of Night,
 With (l) Goblins we affright;
 Or lead some into (m) Pools,
 Or (n) steal away the Tools;
 Or else (o) we pinch both Arms and Thighs,
 Till some one hears, or us espies.*

(f) Low, vulgar, and litigious Notions, &c. (g) Discoveries, &c. (h) Disputations, &c. (i) Unveil'd, &c. (k) The Times of Ignorance, &c. (l) *Enthusiasms* or *Superstitions*, &c. (m) *Libertinisms* or *Abominations*; the Consequences of *Mystery* and *Darkness*, &c. (n) Deprive the Mind, &c. of its proper *Testimonies*, *Emblems*, &c. (o) Alluding to the Arts whereby *Masons awake Mens Minds*.

Thus

XIX.

*Thus of true Masonry,
Tho' (p) Females we are free,
Made free by us all are,
Tho' none us see nor hear,
When in (q) the Morning Signs are seen
Where we (r) the Eve before have been.*

XX.

*Yet what we hear and see
In Lodges where we be,
Not (f) Force nor offer'd Gold
Can Masons Truths unfold;
Besides, the Craft we love, not gain,
And Secrets why should we profane?*

(p) As external Forms begetting our Ideas, may be metaphorically styled Males; so the Faculties inter-conceiving them, may be as elegantly styled Females, &c.

(q) The Age of Reformation, &c.

(r) The Age of Accomplishments, &c.

(f) Alluding that sublime Truths are not obtain'd any other-wise than by a right Study, and an Endeavour to find out the real Sense, which being always veil'd, are holy therefore and sacred, such as are all general Truths, &c.

XXI.

† *We first taught Masons School,
To walk by Square (t) and (u) Rule,
On Level (w) just to act,
And work all (x) upright Fact;
To live in (y) Compass by our Due,
And keep our Hearts for ever (z) true.*

XXII.

*That when the World's at (a) Rest,
And snoaring in her Nest;
When (b) Sun has long been set,
And (c) Stars no Rays beget;
When (d) Moon her horned Glory hides,
Their (e) lighted Tapers are our Guides.*

† Here likewise may be drank this Health:

*May therefore Bounty, Faith, and Love
The Lodges lasting Cement prove;
While dark Confusion shame 'em all
Who dare her Freedom to enthral.*

(t) The Justice of our Actions, &c. (u) The Rule of Law, &c. (w) With Regard to our Equals, &c. (x) With Regard to our Superiors, &c. (y) Within our proper Stations, &c. (z) To every Master, &c. (a) Return'd to a State of Illiterature and Inactivity, &c. (b) The Light of the Gospel, i. e. of Reason and of Judgment. (c) Both Priests and Philosophers, &c. (d) Scripture, which, according to the Learning of the Times, encreases or diminishes alternately in the Glory of her Writers, &c. (e) The perfect Patterns, &c. of Free Masonry.

CH O.

CHORUS.

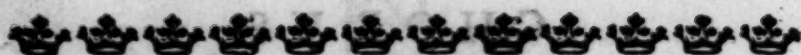
* XXIII.

*Then Fairies Hand in Hand,
Thrice at the Word's Command,
And Seraphs make a Ring,
While merry Masons sing,
That as their Lodge, so always they
Stay'd always, and shall always stay.*

* XXIV.

*And rise up ev'ry Elve,
Come join the sacred Twelve;
Sing also whilst they sing
Their antient glorious King,
That as is he, so ever we
Were ever, and shall ever be.*

N. B. The Verses mark'd with an Asterisk
may be omitted when 'tis requisite to
shorten the Song.



THE
Candidate's S O N G,

FROM

Horace's Blandusia, Lib. iii. Ode 13.

As Sung at the LODGE in Carmarthen,
South-Wales.

I.

O (a) Blandusia, noble Fountain,
Pure as Glass, and clear as Light!
Flowing from the (b) sacred Mountain,
Thou dost charm both Taste and Sight.

II.

Come brave Boys this Evening (c) crown ye
All her Border round with Flowers,
For to Morrow shew shall drown ye
In sweet Wines and pleasant Hours.

III.

A (d) young Victim shall To-morrow
Welcome as a Milk-white Kid,
Without Clamour, Sigh, or Sorrow
In thy Chrystal Basen bleed.

(a) The Science of Masonry. (b) Of Solomon's Temple.
(c) Alluding to cloathing of the Lodge. (d) Alluding to
the Form of the enter'd Apprentices Creation, &c.

IV.

IV.

Mad as first Years (e) horned Cattle,
Or Lascivious as a Ram:
Pointed Steel *shall cool his Mettle,*
And shall tame Him like a Lamb.

V.

The (f) Hot Dog-Star's Persecutions,
Can't thy chilling (g) Shades inflame,
Nor the (h) Bear's cold Revolutions
Come to freeze thy constant Stream.

VI.

(i) Lab'ring Beasts *here find when weary,*
Cooling Draughts to cure all Pain;
Wandering (k) Flocks *here meet and merry*
Drink and never thirst again.

VII.

Now shall I and sacred Horace
Both alike immortal be
By thy noble Fountain; for as
Long as Thou art, so are we.

(e) Alluding to its great and undefiled Solemnity,
&c. (f) By the Romans, Catholicks, Turks, Barbarians,
&c. (g) The Patterns of Free Masonry. (h) Nor the
Overflowings of the Goths, nor Calvinists nor Lutherans,
&c. (i) Teachers. (k) Societies.

VIII.

*This the (l) Rock thy (m) Lymph while gi-
ving,
Into Voice melodious breaks,
This, the (n) cov'ring Oak as living,
And the (o) Stony-Cavern speaks.*

(l) The *Literal Word*. (m) The *Metaphor*. (n) Al-
luding to the *expressive Forms*, both of the *Jewels* and
of (o) the *Lodge* itself.



Sung by Brother WILLIAMS:

I.

WHAT tho' they call us *Masons Fools*,
We prove by *Geometry and Rules*,
We use *Arts* not taught in any *Schools*,
The *Charge* thus *falsely* ran:
Since we do make it plain appear,
By our *Behaviour* every where,
That where you see a *Mason*, there
You see a *Gentleman*.

II.

II.

'Tis true we once have charged been
 With Disobedience to a Queen,
 Yet After-Monarchs plain have seen,
 Those Secrets that they sought:
 We hatch no Plots against the State,
 Nor against great Men in Power prate;
 But all that's noble, good and great,
 Is by us daily taught.

III.

What Noble Structures do we see
 By antient Brothers rais'd, which be
 The World's Surprise, then shall not we
 Still honour Masonry:
 Let those that rail against the Art,
 Live in a Cave in some Desert
 And herd with Brutes from Men apart,
 For their Stupidity.

IV.

But view those Savage Nations, where
 This Masonry did ne'er appear,
 What strange unpolish'd Brutes they are,
 Then think of Masonry.
 It makes us generous every Way,
 Each courteous, noble, easy, gay;
 What other Art the like can say?
 Then a Health to Masonry.

Masons

Masons S O N G.

Sung by Brother O A T S.

I.

ON, on, my dear Brethren, pursue your great
Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture;
High Honour to Masons the Craft daily brings
To those Brethren of Princes and Fellows of
Kings.

II.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the
Stage,
Reviving the Art from Augustus' fam'd Age;
And Vespasian destroy'd the vast Temple in vain,
Since so many now rise under Lovel's mild Reign.

III.

The five noble Orders compos'd with such Art,
Will amaze the fix'd Eye, and engage the whole
Heart;
Proportion's sweet Harmony gracing the whole,
Gives our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.

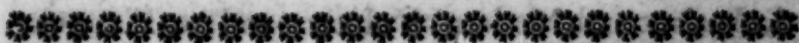
IV.

Then Master and Brethren preserve your great
Name,
This Lodge so majestick will purchase ye Fame;
Rever'd it shall stand, till all Nature expire,
And its Glories ne'er fade till the World is on fire.
See,

*See, see, behold here what rewards all our Toil!
 Inspires our Genius, and bids Labour smile.
 To our noble Grand Master let a Bumper be
 crown'd;
 To all Masons a Bumper, so let it go round.*

VI.

*Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it pass;
 This antient firm Union cements in a Glass:
 And all the Contention 'mongst Masons shall be,
 Who better can work, or who better agree.*



SONG in the Generous Free Mason.

Sung by Brother OATS.

B*Y Masons Art the aspiring Tome
 In various Columns shall arise;
 All Climates are their native home,
 Their Godlike Actions reach the Skies.
 Heroes and Kings revere their Name,
 While Poets sing their lasting Fame.*

*Great, noble, generous, good, and brave
 Are Titles they most justly claim;
 Their Deeds shall live beyond the Grave,
 Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.
 Time shall their glorious Acts inroll,
 While Love and Friendship charm the Soul.*

F I N I S.

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A
SECOND COLLECTION.

THE
MASTER'S SONG:
OR, THE
HISTORY of MASONRY.

By Dr. ANDERSON.

To be sung with a *Chorus*, when the MASTER shall
give Leave, either one Part only, or all together,
as he pleases.

PART I.

I.



DAM, the first of human Kind,
Created with *Geometry*,
Imprinted on his Royal Mind,
Instructed soon his Progeny
Cain and *Seth*, who then improv'd
The lib'ral Science in the Art
Of *Architecture*, which they lov'd,
And to their Offspring did impart.

B II.

II.

Cain a City fair and strong
 First built, and call'd it *Consecrate*,
 From *Enoch's* Name, his eldest Son,
 Which all his Race did imitate :
 But godly *Enoch*, of *Seth's* Loins,
 Two Columns rais'd with mighty Skill :
 And all his Family enjoins
 True Colonading to fulfil.

III.

Our Father *Noah* next appear'd,
 A *Mason* too, divinely taught ;
 And by divine Command uprear'd
 The *Ark* that held a goodly Fraught :
 'Twas built by true *Geometry*,
 A Piece of *Architecture* fine ;
 Helpt by his Sons, in Number *Three*,
 Concurring in the grand Design.

IV.

So from the gen'ral Deluge none
 Were sav'd, but *Masons* and their *Wives* :
 And all Mankind from them alone
 Descending, *Architecture* thrives ;
 For they, when multiply'd amain,
 Fit to disperse and fill the Earth,
 In *Shinar's* large and lovely Plain
 To MASONRY gave second Birth.

[3]

V.

For most of Mankind were employ'd,
To build the City and the Tow'r;
The *General Lodge* was overjoy'd,
In such Effects of *Masons Pow'r*;
'Till vain Ambition did provoke
Their Maker to confound their Plot;
Yet tho' with Tongues confus'd they spoke,
The learned *Art* they ne'er forgot.

CHORUS.

*Who can unfold the Royal Art?
Or sing its Secrets in a Song?
They're safely kept in Mason's Heart,
And to the antient Lodge belong.*
[*Stop here to drink the present Grand-
Master's Health.*

PART II.

I.

THUS when from *Babel* they disperse
In Colonies to distant Climes,
All *Masons true*, who could rehearse
Their Works to those of After-Times:
King *Nimrod* fortify'd his Realm,
By Castles, Tow'rs, and Cities fair;
Mitza'm, who rul'd at *Egypt's Helm*,
Built *Pyramids* stupendous there.

II.

Not *Japhet*, and his gallant Breed,
 Did less in *Masonry* prevail ;
 Nor *Shem*, and those that did succeed
 To promis'd Blessings by Entail ;
 For Father *Abram* brought from *Ur*
Geometry, the Science good ;
 Which he reveal'd, without demur,
 To all descending from his Blood.

III.

Nay, *Jacob's* Race at length were taught,
 To lay aside the Shepherd's Crook,
 To use *Geometry* were brought,
 Whilst under *Phar'ok's* cruel Yoke ;
 Till *Moses*, Master-Mason, rose,
 And led the *Holy Lodge* from thence,
 All *Masons* train'd, to whom he chose,
 His curious Learning to dispense.

IV.

Aboliah and *Bezaleel*,
 Inspired Men, the Tent uprear'd ;
 Where the *Shechinah* chose to dwell,
 And Geometrick Skill appear'd :
 And when these valiant *Masons* fill'd
Canaan, the learn'd *Phenicians* knew
 The Tribes of *Isra'l* better skill'd
 In *Architecture* firm and true.

V.

V.

For *Dagon's* House in *Gaza* Town,
 Artfully propt by *Columns* two;
 By *Samson's* mighty Arms pull'd down
 On Lord's *Philistian*, whom it flew;
 Tho' 'twas the finest Fabrick rais'd
 By *Canaan's* Sons, could not compare
 With the Creator's *Temple* prais'd,
 For glorious Strength and Structure fair.

VI.

But here we stop a while to toast
 Our Master's Health and Wardens both;
 And warn you all to shun the Coast
 Of *Samson's* Shipwrackt Fame and Troth;
 His *Secrets* once to Wife disclos'd,
 His Strength was fled, his Courage tam'd,
 To cruel Foes he was expos'd,
 And never was a *Mason* nam'd.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the Royal Art?
 Or sing its *Secrets* in a Song?
 They're safely kept in *Mason's* Heart,
 And to the antient Lodge belong.

[Stop here to drink the Health of the
 Master and Wardens of this par-
 ticular Lodge.

P A R T III.

I.

WE sing of *Masons* antient Fame,
 When fourscore Thousand *Craftsmen*
 stood,
 Under the Masters of great Name,
 Three Thousand and six Hundred good,
 Employ'd by *Solomon* the Sire,
 And *Gen'ral Master Mason* too;
 As *Hiram* was in stately *Tyre*,
 Like *Salem* built by *Masons* true.

II.

The *Royal Art* was then divine,
 The *Craftsmen* counsell'd from above,
 The *Temple* did all Works outshine,
 The wond'ring World did all approve;
 Ingenious Men, from every Place,
 Came to survey the glorious Pile;
 And, when return'd, began to trace
 And imitate its lofty Style.

III.

At length the *Grecians* came to know
Geometry, and learnt the Art,
 Which great *Pythagoras* did show,
 And glorious *Euclid* did impart;

Th'

Th' amazing *Archimedes* too,
 And many other Scholars good;
 'Till antient *Romans* did review
 The *Art* and *Science* understood.

IV.

But when proud *Asia* they had quell'd,
 And *Greece* and *Egypt* overcome,
 In *Architecture* they excell'd,
 And brought the Learning all to *Rome*;
 Where wise *Vitruvius*, Master prime
 Of *Architects*, the *Art* improv'd,
 In *Great Augustus*' peaceful Time,
 When *Arts* and *Artists* were belov'd.

V.

They brought the Knowledge from the *East*;
 And as they made the Nations yield,
 They spread it thro' the *North* and *West*,
 And taught the World the *Art* to build;
 Witness their *Citadels* and *Tow'rs*,
 To fortify their *Legions* fine,
 Their *Temples*, *Palaces*, and *Bow'rs*,
 That spoke the *Masons Grand Design*.

VI.

Thus mighty *Eastern Kings*, and some
 Of *Abram's* Race, and *Monarchs* good,
 Of *Egypt*, *Syria*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,
 True *Architecture* understood:

No wonder then if *Masons* join,
To celebrate those *Mason-Kings*,
With solemn Note and flowing Wine,
Whilst every *Brother* jointly sings.

CHORUS.

*Who can unfold the Royal Art ?
Or sing its Secrets in a Song ?
They're safely kept in Mason's Heart,
And to this antient Lodge belong.*

*[Stop here to drink the glorious Memory of
Emperors, Kings, Princes, Nobles, Gentry,
Clergy, and learned Scholars, that ever
propagated the Art.]*

PART IV.

I.

O H! glorious Days for *Masons* wise,
O'er all the *Roman* Empire when
Their Fame, resounding to the Skies,
Proclaim'd them good and useful Men;
For many Ages thus employ'd,
Until the *Goths*, with warlike Rage,
And brutal Ignorance, destroy'd
The Toil of many a learned Age.

II.

H.

But when the conqu'ring *Goths* were brought
 T' embrace the Christian Faith, they found
 The Folly that their Fathers wrought,
 In loss of *Architecture* found.
 At length their Zeal for stately Fanes,
 And wealthy Grandeur, when at Peace,
 Made them exert their utmost Pains,
 Their *Gothick* Buildings to upraise.

III.

Thus many a sumptuous lofty Pile
 Was rais'd in every Christian Land,
 Tho' not conform'd to *Roman Style*,
 Yet which did Reverence command:
 The King and Craft agreeing still,
 In well-form'd *Lodges* to supply
 The mournful Want of *Roman Skill*,
 With their new sort of *Masonry*.

IV.

For many Ages this prevails,
 Their Work is *Architecture* deem'd ;
 In *England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales*,
 The *Craftsmen* highly are esteem'd,
 By Kings, as *Masters* of the Lodge,
 By many a wealthy noble Peer,
 By Lord and Laird, by Priest and Judge,
 By all the People every where.

[10]

V.

So Masons antient Records tell,
King *Atbelstan*, of *Saxon* Blood,
Gave them a Charter free to dwell
In *lofty Lodge*, with Orders good;
Drawn from old Writings by his Son,
Prince *Edwin*, General-Master bright,
Who met at *York* the Brethren soon,
And to that Lodge did all recite.

VI.

Thence were their *Laws* and *Charges* fine
In ev'ry Reign observ'd with Care,
Of *Saxon*, *Danish*, *Norman* Line,
Till *British* Crowns united were :
'The Monarch first of this whole Isle
Was *learned James*, a *Mason* King,
Who first of Kings reviv'd the Style
Of great *Augustus* : Therefore sing.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the Royal Art ?
Or sing its Secrets in a Song ?
They're safely kept in Mason's Heart,
And to the antient Lodge belong.

[Stop here to drink to the happy Memory
of all the Revivers of the antient
Augustan Style.

PART

PART V.

I.

THUS tho' in *Italy* the Art
 From *Gothick* Rubbish first was rais'd;
 And great *Palladio* did impart
 A Style by *Masons* justly prais'd;
 Yet here his mighty Rival *Jones*,
 Of *British* Architects the Prime,
 Did build such glorious Heaps of Stones,
 As ne'er were match'd since *Cæsar's* Time.

II.

King *Charles* the First, a *Mason* too,
 With several Peers and wealthy Men,
 Employ'd him and his *Craftsmen* true,
 Till wretched Civil Wars began.
 But after Peace and Crown restor'd,
 Tho' *London* was in Ashes laid,
 By *Masons* Art and good Accord,
 A finer *London* rear'd its Head.

III.

King *Charles* the Second, rais'd then
 The finest Column upon Earth,
 Founded *St. Paul's*, that stately Fane,
 And *Royal 'Change*, with Joy and Mirth:
 But

But afterwards the *Lodges* fail'd,
 'Till *Great Nassau* the *Taste* reviv'd,
 Whose bright *Example* so prevail'd,
 That ever since the *Art* has thriv'd.

IV.

Let other Nations boast at Will,
Great Britain now will yield to none,
 For true *Geometry* and Skill,
 In building *Timber, Brick, and Stone* ;
 For *Architecture* of each sort,
 For curious *Lodges*, where we find
 The *Noble* and the *Wise* resort,
 And drink with *Craftsmen* true and kind.

V.

Then let good *Brethren* all rejoice,
 And fill their *Glass* with chearful *Heart* ;
 Let them exprefs with grateful *Voice*
 The *Praises* of the wond'rous *Art* :
 Let ev'ry *Brother's* *Health* go round,
 Who proves a *Mason* just and wise ;
 And let our *Master's* *Fame* resound,
 The noble *Weymouth* to the *Skies*.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the *Royal Art* ?
 Or sing its *Secrets* in a *Song* ?
 They're safely kept in *Mason's* *Heart*,
 And to the ancient *Lodge* belong.

THE



THE
MASTER'S SONG.



THUS mighty *Eastern Kings*, and some
Of *Abram's Race*, and *Monarchs good*,
Of *Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome*,
True *Architecture* understood:
No wonder then if *Masons join*,
To celebrate those *Mason-Kings*,
With solemn Note and flowing Wine,
Whilst ev'ry *Brother* jointly sings.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the *Royal Art*?
Or sing its *Secrets in a Song*?
They're safely kept in *Mason's Heart*,
And to the *Antient Lodge* belong.

THE
WARDEN'S SONG:

OR,

Another HISTORY of MASONRY.

By Dr. ANDERSON.

To be sung at the *Quarterly Communication*.

I.

WHEN'E'R we are alone,
And ev'ry Stranger gone,
In Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Begin to play, begin to sing,
The *Mighty Genius* of the *lofty Lodge*,
In ev'ry Age
That did engage,
And well inspir'd the Prince, the Priest, the
Judge,
The Noble and the Wise to join
In rearing *Masons Grand Design*.

II.

The *Grand Design* to rear,
Was ever *Masons Care*,
From *Adam* down, before the Flood,
Whose *Art* old *Noah* understood,

And

And did impart to *Japhet*, *Shem*, and *Ham*,
 Who taught their Race
 To build apace
 Proud *Babel's* Town and Tow'r, until it came
 To be admir'd too much, and then
 Dispersed were the Sons of Men.

III.

But tho' their Tongues confus'd
 In distant Climes they us'd,
 They brought from *Shinar* Orders good,
 To rear the *Art* they understood:
 Therefore sing first the Princes of the Isles;
 Next *Belus* Great,
 Who fixt his Seat
 In old *Assyria*, building stately *Piles*;
 And *Mitzzraim's* Pyramids among
 The other Subjects of our Song.

IV.

And *Skem*, who did instill
 The useful wond'rous Skill
 Into the Minds of Nations great:
 And *Abram* next, who did relate
 Th' *Assyrian* Learning to his Sons, that when
 In *Egypt's* Land,
 By *Pharaoh's* Hand,
 Were roughly taught to be most skilful Men;
 'Till their Grand-Master *Moses* rose,
 And them deliver'd from their Foes.

V.

V.

But who can sing his Praise,
 Who did the Tent upraise ?
 Then sing his Workmen true as Steel,
Aboliab and *Bezaleel* ;
 Sing *Tyre* and *Sidon*, and *Phenicians* old.
 But *Samson's* Blot
 Is ne'er forgot.:

He blabb'd his *Secrets* to his Wife, that sold
 Her Husband, who at last pull'd down
 The House on all in *Gaza* Town.

VI.

But *Solomon* the King
 With solemn Note we sing,
 Who rear'd at length the *Grand Design*,
 By Wealth, and Pow'r, and Art divine ;
 Helpt by the learned *Hiram Tyrian* Prince,
 By *Craftsmen* good,
 That understood
 Wise *Hiram Abif's* charming Influence :
 He aided *Jewish* Masters bright,
 Whose curious Works none can recite.

VII.

These glorious *Mason Kings*
 Each thankful Brother sings,
 Who to its Zenith rais'd the *Art*,
 And to all Nations did impart

The

The useful Skill : For from the *Temple* fine
 To ev'ry Land,
 And foreign Strand, (*Design*;
 The *Craftsmen* march'd, and taught the *Grand*
 Of which the Kings, with mighty Peers,
 And learned Men, were Overseers.

VIII.

Diana's Temple next,
 In *Lesser Asia* fixt;
 And *Babylon's* proud Walls, the Seat
 Of *Nebuchadnezzar* the Great;
 The Tomb of *Mausolus*, the *Carian King*;
 With many a Pile
 Of lofty Stile
 In *Africa* and *Greater Asia*, sing,
 In *Greece*, in *Sicily*, and *Rome*,
 That had those Nations overcome.

IX.

Then sing *Augustus* too,
 The Gen'ral Master true,
 Who by *Vitruvius* did refine
 And spread the *Masons Grand Design*
 Thro' *North* and *West*; till antient *Britons* chose
 The *Royal Art*
 In ev'ry Part,
 And *Roman Architecture* could disclose;
 Until the *Saxons* warlike Rage
 Destroy'd the Skill of many an Age.

X.

At length the *Gothick Style*
 Prevail'd in *Britain's Isle*,
 When *Mason's Grand Design* reviv'd,
 And in their well-form'd *Lodges* thriv'd,
 Tho' not as formerly in *Roman Days* :
 Yet sing the *Fanes*
 Of *Saxons, Danes*,
 Of *Scots, Welsh, Irish* ; but sing first the Praise
 Of *Athelstan* and *Edwin Prince*,
 Our Master of great Influence.

XI.

And eke the *Norman Kings*
 The *British* *Masons* sings ;
 Till *Roman Style* revived there,
 And *British Crowns* united were
 In learned *James*, a *Mason King*, who rais'd
 Fine Heaps of *Stones*
 By *Inigo Jones*,
 That rival'd wise *Palladio*, justly prais'd
 In *Italy* and *Britain* too,
 For *Architecture* firm and true.

XII.

And thence in ev'ry *Reign*
 Did *Masonry* obtain
 With *Kings*, the *Noble* and the *Wise*,
 Whose *Fame* resounding to the *Skies*,
 Excites

Excites the present Age in *Lodge* to join,
 And Aprons wear
 With Skill and Care,
 To raise the *Masons* antient *Grand Design*,
 And to revive th' *Augustan Style*
 In many an artful glorious *Pile*.

XIII.

From henceforth ever sing
 The *Craftsman* and the *King*,
 With Poetry and Musick sweet
 Resound their *Harmony* compleat;
 And with *Geometry* in skilful Hand,
 Due Homage pay,
 Without Delay,
 To *Weymouth's* noble Lord, our Master Grand;
 He rules the *Free-born Sons of Art*,
 By Love and Friendship, Hand and Heart.

CHORUS.

Who can rehearse the Praise,
 In soft Poetick Lays,
 Or solid Prose, of *Masons* true,
 Whose *Art* transcends the common View?
 Their *Secrets*, ne'er to *Strangers* yet expos'd,
 Preserv'd shall be
 By *Masons* Free,
 And only to the antient *Lodge* disclos'd;
 Because they're kept in *Masons* Heart.
 By Brethren of the *Royal Art*.

T H E



THE
Fellow-Crafts S O N G.

By CHARLES DELAFAYE, Esq;

To be Sung and Play'd at the GRAND FEAST.

I.

HAIL MASONRY! thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth, from Heav'n reveal'd;
Which dost with Jewels precious shine,
From all but *Masons* Eyes conceal'd.

CHORUS.

*Thy Praises due who can rehearse
In nervous Prose, or flowing Verse?*

II.

As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
A *Mason* other Men excels;
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare
But in his Breast securely dwells?

CHORUS.

*His silent Breast and faithful Heart
Preserve the Secrets of the Art.*

III.

III.

From scorching Heat, and piercing Cold;
 From Beasts, whose Roar the Forest rends;
 From the Assaults of Warriors bold
 The Masons Art Mankind defends.

CHORUS.

*Be to this Art due Honour paid,
 From which Mankind receives such Aid.*

IV.

Ensigns of State, that feed our Pride,
 Distinctions troublesome, and vain!
 By Masons true are laid aside:
 Arts free-born Sons such Toys disdain.

CHORUS.

*Ennobled by the Name they bear,
 Distinguished by the Badge they wear.*

V.

Sweet Fellowship, from Envy free,
 Friendly Converse of Brotherhood,
 The Lodge's lasting Cement be!
 Which has for Ages firmly stood.

CHORUS.

*A Lodge, thus built, for Ages past
 Has lasted, and will ever last.*

VI.

VI.

Then in our Songs be Justice done
 To those who have enrich'd the Art,
 From *Jabel* down to *Burlington*,
 And let each Brother bear a Part.

CHORUS.

Let noble Masons Healths go round ;
Their Praise in lofty Lodge resound.

IV.



CHORUS.
 A Lodge, thus built, for Ages long
 Has lasted, and will ever last.



T H E

Enter'd 'Prentices SONG.

By the late Mr. MATTHEW BIRKHEAD.

To be sung when all *grave Business* is over,
and with the Master's Leave.

I.

C O M E let us prepare,
We *Brothers* that are
Assembled on merry Occasion ;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing ;
Our Wine has a Spring ;
Here's a Health to an *Accepted Mason*.

II.

The World is in pain
Our *Secrets* to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on ;
They ne'er can divine
The *Word* or the *Sign*
Of a *Free* and an *Accepted Mason*.

III.

III.

'Tis *This*, and 'tis *That*,
They cannot tell *What*,
Why so many *Great Men* of the Nation
Should *Aprons* put on,
To make themselves one
With a *Free* and an *Accepted Mason*.

IV.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their *Swords*,
Our *Mystry* to put a good *Grace* on,
And ne'er been asham'd
To hear themselves nam'd
With a *Free* and an *Accepted Mason*.

V.

Antiquity's Pride
We have on our *Side*,
And it maketh Men just in their *Station* :
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a *Free* and an *Accepted Mason*.

VI.

Then join *Hand in Hand*,
T'each other firm stand,

Let's

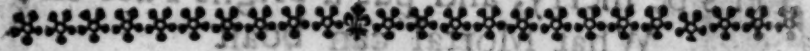
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on :
 What Mortal can boast
 So Noble a Toast,
 As a Free and an Accepted Mason?

*The following Verse is often sung between the
 Fifth and Sixth Verses.*

We're true and sincere,
 And just to the Fair,
 Who will trust us on ev'ry Occasion:
 No Mortal can more
 The Ladies adore,
 Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.



And we Fairies too
 By the triple Hairs's Team,
 From the Presence of the Sun,
 Following Darkness like a Dream.



The Fairies, with the Mason's Chorus.

I.

NOW the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon:
Now the heavy Plowmen snore
After daily Labours done.
*Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round;
Ever sacred be this Ground.*

II.

Now the Brands of Fire do glow
Whilst the Screech-Owl screeching loud,
Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it, &c.

III.

Now it is the Time of Night
That the Graves are gaping wide;
Every one lets forth his Spright
In the Church-Way Paths to glide.
Trip it, &c.

IV.

And we *Fairies* that do run
By the triple *Hecat's* Team,
From the Presence of the Sun,
Following Darkness like a Dream.
Trip it, &c.

V.

Tho' we frolick, let no Mousé,
Or boading Bird, or Bird of Prey,
Disturb the Quiet of this House;
But downy Sleep bring on the Day.
Trip it, &c.

VI.

Weaving Spiders come not here;
Spotted Snakes do no Offence;
Beatles black approach not near;
Worm and Snail be far from hence.
Trip it, &c.

VII.

By the dead and drowsy Fire,
Every Elf and Fairy Spright
Hop as little Bird from Briar,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.
Trip it, &c.

VIII.

Now join all your warbling Notes
In Chorus of sweet Harmony;
Strain aloud your *Fairy* Throats,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Trip it, &c.

CHORUS.

Hand in Hand with *Fairy* Grace,
We will sing and bless this Place.

The Masons Chorus.

Whilst *Masons* guarded stand
With flaming *Sword* in Hand,
Under the *Door* we creep,
And round the *Lodge* we peep;
For when they tip it o'er their *Thumb*,
They drink their *Supernaculum*.

But as for *MASONRY*,
Altho' we are not free,
In every *Lodge* we have been,
And all their *Signs* we have seen;
Yet such *Respect* to the *Craft* we bear,
Their *Secrets* we will ne'er declare.



S O N G.

I.

LET *MASONRY* be now my *Theme*,
Throughout the *Globe* to spread its *Fame*.
And eternize each worthy *Brother's Name*;
Your *Praise* shall to the *Skies* resound,
In lasting *Happiness* abound,
And with sweet *Union* all your *Deeds*, your
Deeds be crown'd.

CHO-

CHORUS.

*Sing then my Muse to Masons Glory!
Your Names are so rever'd in Story,
That all th' admiring World do now adore ye.*

II.

Let Harmony Divine inspire
Your Souls with Love and gen'rous Fire,
To copy well wise *Solomon* your Sire:
Knowledge sublime shall fill each Heart
The Rules of *Geometry* t'impart,
Whilst Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty crown
the glorious *Art*. *Sing, &c.*

III.

Let noble *Crawford's* Health go round,
In swelling Cups, all Care be drown'd,
And Hearts united 'mongst the *Craft* be found:
May everlasting Scenes of Joy
His peaceful Hours of Bliss employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring Hand, shall ne'er,
shall ne'er destroy. *Sing, &c.*

IV.

My *Brethren*, thus all Cares resign,
Your Hearts let glow with Thoughts Divine,
And Veneration shew to *Solomon's* Shrine.

Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
That late Posterity shall say,
We've crown'd with Joy this glorious, happy,
happy Day. *Sing, &c.*



S O N G.

*Composed by a Member of the One Tun Lodge
in Noble-Street.*

I.

A S I at *Wheeler's Lodge* one Night
Kept *Bacchus* company;
For *Bacchus* is a *Mason* bright,
And of all *Lodges* free--free--free.

II.

Said I, great *Bacchus* is adry,
Pray give the God some Wine;
Jove in a Fury did reply,
October's as divine--divine--divine.

III.

It makes us *Masons* more compleat,
Adds to our *Fancy* Wings,
Makes us as happy and as great
As mighty *Lords* and *Kings*--*Kings*--*Kings*.

S O N G



SONG VI.

I.

TO all who MASONRY despise
 This Counsel I bestow,
 Don't ridicule, if you are wise,
 A Secret you don't know;
 Yourselfs you banter and not it;
 You shew your Spleen and not your Wit.
With a fa la, &c.

II.

If Union and Sincerity
 Have a Pretence to please,
 We Brothers of the MASONRY
 Lay justly claim to these.
 To State Disputes we ne'er give Birth,
 Our Motto Friendship is and Mirth.
With a fa la, &c.

III.

Inspiring Virtue by our Rules,
 And in ourselves secure,
 We have Compassion for those Fools
 Who think our Acts impure;
 From Ignorance we know proceeds
 Such mean Opinion of our Deeds.
With a fa la, &c.

IV.

Then let us laugh, since we've impos'd
On those who make a Pother,
And cry, the *Secret* is disclos'd
By some false-hearted Brother.
The mighty *Secret* gain'd, they boast,
From *Post-Boy*, or from *Flying-Post*.
With a fal, &c.



S O N G.

I.

Guardian Genius of our Art Divine
Unto thy faithful Sons appear;
Cease now o'er Ruins of the *East* to pine,
And smile in blooming Beauties here.

II.

Egypt, *Syria*, and proud *Babylon*
No more thy blissful Presence claim;
In *Britain* fix thy ever-during Throne,
Where Myriads do confess thy Name.

III.

The *Sciences* from *Eastern* Regions brought,
Which after shone in *Greece* and *Rome*,
Are here in hundred stately *Lodges* taught,
To which remotest *Brethren* come.

IV.

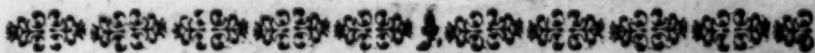
IV.

Behold what Strength our rising Domes up-
rears

Till mixing with the azure Skies!
Behold what Beauty through the whole ap-
pears,
So wisely built they must surprize.

V.

Nor are we only to these Arts confin'd,
For we the Paths of Virtue trace;
By us Man's rugged Nature is refin'd;
And polish'd into Love and Peace.



S O N G.

I.

A *Mason's* Daughter fair and young,
The Pride of all the Virgin Throng,
Thus to her Lover said:
Tho' *Damon* I your Flame approve,
Your Actions praise, your Person love,
Yet still I'll live a Maid.

II.

None shall untie my Virgin Zone,
But one to whom the *Secret's* known
Of fam'd *Free-Masonry*.
In which the Great and Good combine
To raise, with generous Design,
Man to Felicity.

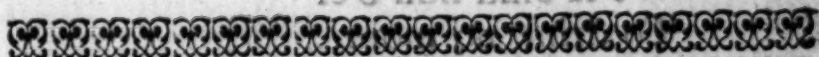
III.

The *Lodge* excludes the Fop and Fool,
The plodding Knave and Party Tool
That Liberty would sell:
The Noble, Faithful, and the Brave
No Golden Charms can e'er deceive,
In Slavery to dwell.

IV.

This said, he bow'd, and went away,
Apply'd, was made without Delay,
Return'd to her again.
The fair one granted his Request,
Conubial Joys their Days have blest;
And may they e'er remain.





S O N G.

WE have no idle Prating,
Of either *Whig* or *Tory*;
But each agrees
To live at Ease,
And sing or tell a Story.

C H O R U S.

*Fill to him,
To the Brim;
Let it round the Table roll—
The Divine
Tells ye, Wine
Cheers the Body and the Soul.*

II.

We will be Men of Pleasure;
Despising Pride or Party,
Whilst Knaves and Fools
Prescribe us Rules
We are sincere and hearty.

III.

If any are so foolish
To whine for Courtiers Favour,
We'll



SONG.

I.

SING to the Honour of those,
 Who Baseness and Error oppose;
 Who from Sages and Magi of old
 Have got *Secrets* which none can unfold;
 Whilst thro' Life's swift Career
 With Mirth and good Cheer
 We're Revelling
 And Levelling
 The Monarch, till he
 Says our Joys far transcend
 What on Thrones do attend,
 And thinks it a Glory like us to be Free.

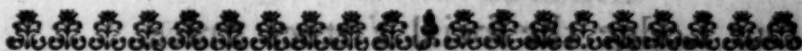
II.

The wisest of Kings pay'd the Way,
 And his Precepts we keep to this Day;
 The most glorious of Temples gave Name
 To *Free Masons*, who still keep their Fame.
 Tho' no Prince did arise
 So great and so wise,
 Yet in falling
 Our Calling

Still

Still bore high Applause.
And tho' Darkness o'er-run
The Face of the Sun,
We Diamond like blaz'd to illumine the Cause.

VI.



S O N G.

I.

GRANT me kind Heav'n what I request,
In *Masonry* let me be blest,
Direct me to that happy Place
Where Friendship smiles in ev'ry Face,
Where Freedom and sweet Innocence
Enlarge the Mind and cheer the Sense.

II.

Where sceptred *Reason* from her Throne,
Surveys the *Lodge* and makes us one,
And Harmony's delightful Sway
For ever sheds Ambrosial Day,
Where we blest *Eden's* Pleasures taste,
Whilst balmy Joys are our Repast.

III.

No prying Eye can view us there,
Or Fool or Knave disturb our Cheer.

Our

Our well-form'd Laws set Mankind free,
And give Release to Misery.
The Poor, oppress'd with Woe and Grief,
Gain from our bounteous Hands Relief.

IV.

Our Lodge the social Virtues grace,
And Wisdom's Rules we fondly trace :
Whole Nature open to our View
Points out the Paths we should pursue :
Let us subsist in lasting Peace,
And may our Happiness increase !



S O N G.

I.

Glorious *Craft*, which fires the Mind
With sweet Harmony and Love,
Surely thou wer't first design'd
A Foretaste of the Joys above.

II.

Pleasures always on thee wait ;
Thou reformat *Adam's Race* ;
Strength and Beauty in thee meet ;
Wisdom's radiant in thy Face.

III.

III.

Arts and Virtues now combine;
 Friendship raises chearful Mirth;
 All united to refine
 Man from grosser Part of Earth.

IV.

Stately Temples now arise
 And on lofty Columns stand:
 Mighty Domes attempt the Skies
 To adorn this happy Land.



SONG



SONG

I.

A Health to our *Sisters* let's drink;
 For why should not they
 Be remember'd I pray,
 When of us they so often do think,
 When of us they so often do think.

II.

'Tis they give the chiefest Delight :
 Tho' Wine cheers the Mind,
 And Masonry's kind,
 These keep us in Transport all Night,
 These keep us, &c.





An EPILOGUE.

By Mr. RAULINS.

*Spoken by Mrs. Horton at the Theatre-Royal
in Drury-Lane.*

WHERE are these *Hydras*? Let me
vent my Spleen;

Are these *Free Masons*? Bless me, these are
Men!

And young, and brisk too; I expected *Mon-*
sters;

Brutes more prodigious than *Italian Songsters*.

Lord! how Report will iye: How vain's this
pothor;

These look like Sparks who only love each
other. [Ironically.]

Let easy Faiths on such gross Tales rely;

'Tis false by Rules of Physiognomy;

I'll ne'er believe it, poz, unless I try.

In proper Time and Place there's little doubt,

But one might find their wondrous Secrets out:

I shrewdly guess egad, for all their Shyness,

They'd render *Signs*, and *Tokens* too, of Kind-
ness.

If

If any Truth in what I here observe is,
They'll quit ten *Brothers* for one Sister's Service.

But hold, wild Fancy, whither art thou
stray'd?
Where Man's concern'd, alas! how frail is
Maid?

I came to storm, to scold, to rail, to rate;
And, see, the Accuser's turn'd the Advocate!
Say, to what Merits might not I pretend,
Who tho' no Sister, do yet prove your Friend.
Wou'd Beauty thus but in your Case appear,
T'were something, Sirs, to be accepted—there.

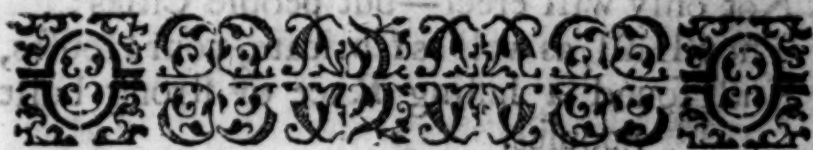
[*Shewing the Boxes.*

Ladies be gracious to the mystick Arts
And kindly take the generous *Masons* Parts;
Let no loquacious Fop your Joys partake,
He sues for Telling, not for Kissing's Sake;
Firm to their Trust the faithful *Craft* conceal,
They cry no Roast-meat, fare they ne'er so well;
No tell-tale Sneer shall raise the conscious
Blush,

The loyal Brother's *Word* is always—*Hush.*

What tho' they quote old *Solomon's* Decree,
And vainly boast that through the World
they're free,

With ease you'll humble the presumptuous
Braves,
And kind Regard makes all these free Men
Slaves.



EPILOGUE *for the* FREE MASONS,
spoken by Mrs. Younger at the Theatre
in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, April 27, 1732.

WELL Ladies! of the Art of Masonry,
 Altho' I neither am, nor can be free,
 Some of their Signs, perhaps, I may have seen,
 And well I know what 'tis they, sometimes,
 mean;

And therefore I their Advocate appear,
 To tell you—what you'll all be glad to hear.
 What monstrous, horrid Lies do some Folks
 tell us?

Why Masons, Ladies!—are quite clever Fel-
 lows;

They're Lovers of our Sex, as I can witness;
 Nor e'er act contrary to *Moral Fitness*.

If any of ye doubt it, try the Masons;
 They'll not deceive your largest—Expecta-
 tions:

They're able Workmen, and compleatly
 skill'd in

The deepest—Arts and Mysteries of building;
 They'll

They'll build up Families, and, as most fit is,
 Not only will erect—but people Cities :
 They'll fill, as well as fabricate, your Houses,
 And found a lasting Race of strong built
 Spouses.

What's more — you'll find, whenever you
 befriend 'em,

They've *Faith* and *Secrecy* to recommend 'em.

If such their Parts, such, Ladies, is their
 Merit,

So great their Skill and Strength, their
 Life and Spirit,

What Female Heart can be so very hard,
 As to refuse them their deserv'd Reward?

Once on a Time, I've heard old Stories say,
 Two Mason Gods to *Troy Town* took their
 Way;

Arriv'd, and hir'd to work, to work they fell;
 Hard was their Task, but executed well :

With more than Human Art, those Heav'n-
 ly Powers

Rais'd such prodigious Walls, such swinging
 Tow'rs,

As still defy'd all *Greece's* open Force,
 Nor fell, but to let in their *Wooden Horse* :

Gratis they did it, whatsoe'er was done,
 Refus'd their Pay by King *Laomedon* —

They talk of *Mason Kings*, but surely he
 was none.

Well

Well was the Craft reveng'd for this Disgrace,
 In *Dryden's Virgil* I can shew the Place,
 That tells us how this God-built Town was
 fir'd,

And in the Masons Quarrel *Troy* expir'd.

Ladies! This Story is well worth your
 Learning —

O hideous! a'n't you all afraid of Burning?

Let it this Truth, in each fair Breast inspire,

That ev'ry Workman's worthy of his Hire:

And sure such Virtue in the present Age is,

None will defraud the *Brethren* of their Wages.

Then treat the Craft, ye Fair! with kind

Regard,

And give 'em, in your Smiles, their *best* Re-

ward;

Give 'em—to boast, where'er their Art ex-

tends,

That They and Beauty, from this Hour, are

Friends.

F I N I S.



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